

"You know," he swaggered as he undid his safety belt, "flying's all right. Think I'll turn in my bus ticket and take a plane home."

A Little Knowledge

Bill McCann

"... the smoke of the land went up as the smoke of a furnace."
Genesis 19:29.

Martha found it hard to realize that they had finally made it. But there could be no doubt; directly ahead, Saint Peter was checking the people into Heaven.

Without George she could have arrived centuries sooner. The big lummoX had been stopped at nearly every Atonement Station to report some past misdeed. She marveled that he could have crowded so many small violations into a short life.

She was jolted from her reverie by Saint Peter's voice: "Name?"

"Mr. and Mrs. George Abbot," her husband answered, "of the planet Earth."

"And you left there when?"

"Why, we left there when everybody else did, when the atomic bomb wiped out all life. We were victims of our own intelligence." George said it almost proudly.

The amused look on Saint Peter's face made Martha uncomfortable. George always talked too much and said the wrong things. He was still talking now:

"... science, transportation, communication, any field you can think of. Right at the top, the peak, the zenith. Why, we had planes faster than sound, energy taken from harnessed sunlight, transmission of—"

"You still haven't answered my question, Mr. Abbot. Just when did you leave this planet of perfection?"

George was perplexed. "Why, I just told you. After thousands of years building and improving, our civilization destroyed itself."

Martha was positive that Saint Peter winked at her. "Yes, Mr. Abbot, but which time?"